

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER & PRINTER,
Tenth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

TING ! TING !

THAT'S HOW THE BELL GOES

Words and Music by S. W. Almeron.

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Now I'm deep in love, as I have often been before,
No girl's such a pearl as the girl I adore,
And she's a waitress at our luncheon bar,
Or, as a French Cafe, it's known better by far ;
She waits on the swells who come in with the dust,
With a sausage, potato, some oysters and mush,
There are bells on the table the swells have to ring,
And Geraldine waits on the ting, ting, ting.

Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes ;
Ting, ting, my pretty young thing,
If you'll be my wife, I'll buy the ring,
And have servants to wait on the ting, ting, ting.

One day there whilst dining off chicken and ham,
I called her my darling, my own little lamb,
And asked her if she'd have me and that sort of thing—
Then I very soon bought her a little gold ring.
Three weeks after I made her my wife,
And said I'd no money, no income for life,
Then the fair little, rare little, sweet little thing,
Said she'd go back to wait on the ting, ting, ting.

Ting, ting, that's how the bell goes ;
Ting, ting, my pretty young thing,
I you'll be my wife, I'll buy the ring,
And have servants to wait on the ting, ting, ting.

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